

We Have It All

by Morrighen

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Summary: AU is one where Lord Voldemort never happened. The Black's are wealthy and incredibly influential. Bellatrix didn't go mad and she never married Lestrangle. Why would Bellatrix Black seek Hermione Granger to be an employee? What dark secrets are the Black family hiding? But how did the Blacks come to be so wealthy? What divine luck? Divine... or Demonic...?

We Have It All

A/N: This idea came to me while listening to a Black sisters Eight Tracks mix. One of the songs just clicked and I started writing this a little before Halloween 2015. I wanted a piece that didn't necessarily end well. I have read many (many, many) Bellamione fictions and the ones I really remember, other than the ridiculously long ones. Ridiculously brilliant, (I love you ridiculously long and brilliant Bellamione fictions 3. I'm looking at you TGCWW, Murder Most Horrid, and several others that names escape me right now!) are the ones that leave me an emotional wreck of a human because the endings are less than happy. And unfortunately, that seems to be the couple that is Hermione and Bellatrix. They are at odds. And while I hope for their happily ever after, in the logical part of my brain, I know that it would likely not happen. I wanted to write a horrorresque story for Halloween but it has taken longer than I would have liked to get it put to words. The story won't leave me alone, but it has been slow going. My work schedule has been insane and I don't have much time for writing any more. I do computer work all day and when I get home, I'd rather not touch one. I wanted a Penny Dreadful feel to the story; very dark and occult-ish. Please let me know what you think. This is the first time I've written in this fandom and I don't want to mess it up.

Of course, all characters are owned by J.K. Rowling.

And the lyrics belong to Pim Stones.

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><p>We Have It All<p>

A Bellamione fan-fiction

\* \* \*

><p><em>There was fire around and so I should have known<em>

\_Why the touch of his hands were as cold as his eyes, \_

\_So don't you tell me we weren't hypnotizedâ€|\_

"\_You seemâ€|. shockedâ€|. It's no bother, most people are. How did it occur, you ask? Ballsy of you, to ask me that, but, well, it is quite the tale. You want to hear it? Well then, let's start from the beginning. Shall we? Now shut up and don't interrupt me."\_

\* \* \*

><p>She was nervous. Then again, if she hadn't been, she would have been absolutely mental. She was going to work for one of the most powerful families in the whole of Britain, if not the entire wizarding world. The witch knew what would have happened if she have declined the 'most generous' offer she had received a week before. Her entire professional career would have been over before it had really begun. She would have been blacklisted from any work in Britain and most likely any other Ministry of Magic she might want to transfer to.<p>

Hermione Granger; muggle-born witch, brightest and most intelligent student at Hogwarts in years, had been drafted to work for the Most Noble and Ancient House of Black. That wasn't exactly where she had imagined she would be 5 years after attending Hogwarts. Especially since it was known that they disliked muggle-born magic users.

'\_The Blacks are elitist of the highest caliber. Why would they want a muggle-born to work for them?\_'\_ Hermione wondered.

\* \* \*

><p>She had begun an entry level position at the Ministry of Magic upon graduation. She had wanted to prove to herself, and those she worked with, she was every bit as capable as any pure-blood, if not more so. One year into her paper-pushing job in the Department for the Regulation of Magical Creatures in the Office for House-Elf Relocation, she had been transferred to a bit more of a hands on job in the Goblin Liaison Office; not exactly what she hoped for. But it was well respected and it paid well.<p>

In her time in the Goblin Liaison Office, she had traveled across the globe to different branches of Gringotts and their other affairs in her work. During her time traveling, she learned much about the different work done through Gringotts, not just storing money and valuables, but their other ventures as well. The work of the curse-breakers, she found a fascinating aspect. Hermione was always the sucker for the educational pursuits. She had asked Bill about it one time when they crossed paths on a trip back to Britain. She had

never been called any sort of expert on the matter of curse-breaking. Hell, she hadn't even put her knowledge to practice. It was all just book knowledge. She had even heard Bill Weasley, had applied for the job she had been 'offered'.

She didn't understand why.

Why? Why her and not someone more professionally qualified?

Why did the Black family want her? There were many questions but that was at the forefront of her mind.

What did they have planned for her?

Did they want to make her an example of what they wanted to do to all muggle-borns?

Was she paranoid for thinking they had some grand scheme for someone as unimportant as her? She had to be. There was no reason for her to think her special in any way.

She was pulled from her paranoia fueled thoughts as the taxi driver pulled up outside a large building. She smiled vaguely as he read off her total and she paid him. Hermione stood on the sidewalk and peered up at the Ministry of Magic building as the taxi driver sped off.

She had been given a strict set of instructions on how to get to Black Manor. She would have to floo, from the Ministry of Magic, to an unspecified location referred to as "Blackwood Knoll". From Blackwood Knoll she would floo to the Black Manor Guardhouse on the outskirts of the property and then it would be a 30 minute walk to the front gate, so she was told. She was instructed to use the fireplace farthest from the main entrance on the left once in the lobby to go to her first location.

The word was that Black head of house was eccentric and was particular in the oddest of ways. She had resigned herself to having this be a regular occurrence in her life from now on. She entered the building after taking a deep breath of air and steeling her nerves. It was "rush hour" in the lobby. It seemed like every employee was coming in at that moment to assume their everyday work. Hermione held her hooded cloak tight to her and was able to slip in without drawing attention. She felt foolish for coming in to only floo out again. She hoped she would be granted a more direct route to the Black Manor later on.

She went to the directed to the fireplace farthest from the main entrance on the left and took a handful of the powder held in a dish there on a little shelf. She tossed it in and the flames glowed green. She spoke clearly the words "Blackwood Knoll" and stepped in. The emerald flames engulfed her and she was away. When she emerged she was in a small public house. She peered around quizzically. The bartender was cleaning the counter with an old rag as he looked up.

"Needin' directions?" He stated, it wasn't really a question. But Hermione ignored that.

Hermione nodded. "Yes, please. I'm looking for the Black family

home." The old man stiffened, growing a bit paler. "The Black's own all this land. Everything is named fer them. Their 'ouse is straight down the road in front of 'ere. Ye'll keep walkin'." He spoke the words shakily as he pointed in a direction. Assumably the way she needed to go. "Ye'll know it when ye sees it; big black gates, black stone walls round the property. Ye can't see the 'ouse from the gate. But yer expected, the gate'll open." He seemed to finish with that and he waved his hand, shooin' Hermione out of the pub. By the look on his face, she didn't ask him any further questions. It seems the plan had changed.

She turned and exited the pub and turned right outside of the door. She started walking at a brisk pace, going straight into the deep, dark forest. Hermione continued walking for what seemed like an hour, when finally she saw the large beautiful black gates wrought with shining black serpents that seemed to move depending on which way Hermione turned her head. As she came to a halt in front of the gate one of the glass serpents turned its emerald encrusted eyes to her.

"Ssssstate...your name." It hissed at her. Its jewel eyes gleamed as it peered hungrily at her.

"Hermione Granger. " She replied, not wishing to keep more than a moment of eye contact with the snake. The creatures still brought back less-than-fond memories from Hogwarts and the relentless teasing of the Slytherins. The serpent snapped its jaws closed and went back to its original place, frozen again, as the gates eased open before her. She darted in the gate continued on her way up the path. She heard the gates close tightly behind her with a clank and the grinding of the lock clicking back into place.

Along the pathway, torches blazed to life, guiding her way, directing her in which way to go. She found herself in a large overgrown garden-maze. She still couldn't see the house, the combination large wall-like hedges and ancient trees made that impossible. She was thankful for the torches showing which path to take at the forks she came across. Hermione felt the prickle of being watched and she glanced around. She didn't see anyone, but she knew that didn't mean she was alone. She continued on the path, albeit a bit quicker. Eventually the chaos of the overgrowth opened into the open and well-groomed garden surrounding a large mansion.

Hermione came upon the main path, leading up to the large front doors of the Manor. As she came closer she could see a figure in a large wooden chair, sitting before the entrance. The person was seated like a bored sovereign; elbow resting upon armrest, head resting upon open palm. Their legs crossed and their free hands nails clattering against the wood.

Hermione soon was able to make out the features of the figure. It was a pale-skinned woman with heavily lidded eyes and seemingly tameless mess of raven curls that just made her more wildly beautiful. Her piercing black eyes followed Hermione's movement. They betrayed no sign of emotion though an amused smirk curled across her ruby lips.

Hermione's nervousness culminated when their eyes met in direct contact and a gasp got caught in her throat. The dark woman chuckled. "Greetings are in order. I am the Mistress of the manor; Bellatrix

Black. Welcome to Blackwood Hall, miss Hermione Granger. We've been expecting you."

End  
file.